

# The Masochist's Fate

## An Eve Baker Short Story

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Eve sat in her flat, relaxing and reading but growing restless. She was temporarily not on active duty; after an assassin had made his way into one of her safe houses, intent on killing her after she hunted down an assassin, she was temporarily stood down from operations. But Eve missed the thrill, the chase, and above all, the kill. She occasionally did her freelance work – something her handlers tolerated so long as she employed discretion. But people talk; there was more truth to being like ‘Jane Bond’ than she realized. Even stood down from assignments many in the government knew who Evelyn Baker was, and that she was a ruthless and potentially expendable assassin, and numerous of the powers that be – and of course friends of friends – knew both her skillset and, curiously enough, her proclivities.

So it was that a friend from MI-6 rang her up about a request he'd received; like her they shared many of the same interests – perks of having a license to kill. Apparently, a friend of a friend had an unusual request. A masochist with a kink for gun play and smoking, who wanted to possibly take it all the way.

Eve was skeptical, of course, but at best she would sate her passions and at worst, well... she looked at the woman's photo. This Celeste was a lovely thing, large breasts, pierced nipples, glasses as well. If nothing else, the sex would be fun and a girl has to do what a girl has to do. And so it was that two nights later Eve drove out to meet the woman; she lived in a fairly large home just outside the city; it screamed wealth and like a person who could have anything they wanted. Eve raised an eyebrow at that, wondering if this might turn out to be legitimate after all.

Stepping out of her car, she lit a fag, and her senses told her she was already being watched. She took a drag, and glanced inside of her Aston Martin – a James Bond fan until the end. She thought about getting her Walter or Hi Power, but... if someone was going to kill her, they would have tried by now. And so she adjusted her tight fitting leather dress and latex gloves, and walked up to the home; as expected, this Celeste was waiting.

“You must be Evelyn! Please come in,” the woman said in a firm, yet kind manner.

Eve's brows furrowed. “Eve. Call me Eve.” She said. “One more ‘Evelyn,’” she thought, “and you won't have to pay me to shoot you.”

Stepping in to the home, Celeste had been watching a spy thriller; and was clearly ready for everything. A bottle of wine, glasses, a lighter, two packs of smokes, and ash tray all laid out as if part of a buffet. “So, how much have you been told?” Celeste asked. Eve was intrigued, the woman did not sound nervous at all.

“I've been told that you want me to shoot you,” Eve said with a smug grin. “That you're a masochist into pain play, and you might even want to go all the way.”

Celeste chuckled softly, as she poured them wine. “More or less. I’ve fantasized about it, dreamt of it, watched every video I could but... I’m so fucking into pain that if I stub my damn toe I get wet!” She said, filling the second glass. Eve took a final drag of her cigarette and rubbed it out in the ashtray, exhaling and blowing the smoke in Celeste’s direction, just to test her.

“So, what do you want me to do?” Eve asked, taking the glass and circling Celeste as if she were a predator.

“Simple... I want you to kill me. I want you to shoot me again and again, slow and deliberate, of course, so that I feel each and every wound. I want you to make tonight incredible, first with some mind blowing sex when I get you out of that leather dress, and then I want you to do with me as you will... shoot me where I ask, when I ask... and then kill me however you want. I have only one rule...”

“Yes?” Eve said, sipping the wine.

“No headshots. I fully expect to be riddled, and want to be, but... not in the head of face.”

The women sat down, and Eve drank and asked, “So anything else off limits? Nipples, cunt, so on?”

Celeste blushed, “Far from it... in fact, I want you to blast out my nipples and, well... I’ve purchased a silencer and a Beretta 92 just for the occasion. I’ve heard you have a thing for shooting girls in their cunts and, well... it’s part of why I was told to reach out to you.”

Eve raised an eyebrow at that. “You actually want me to shoot you in the twat? I mean, I’m all for it, but usually it’s ‘please anywhere but there,’ ‘the silencer is too cold,’ and ‘no I don’t wanna cum’ before I pull the trigger. You... actually want it?”

Celeste bit her lip, her body burning with desire. “Multiple times... one that doesn’t kill so I can savor the pain, and then, when it comes time... yes. I do. But the thing is, I don’t just want to be killed... I want it tied up in sex, intimacy... maybe even love. I’ve seen your photo and knew you were attractive but... I want you to give me the best fuck of my life, and then keep kissing, being sensual, even as you put bullet after bullet into me.”

Eve thought she was a proper nutter, but then of course knew she was one too. The idea intrigued her, fascinated her. She WANTED to kill this woman and hoped, no, needed it to be true that she wanted her to do it.

Eve took the first move, rising and putting down her glass, then sitting on Celeste’s lap and kissing her. Celeste reciprocated in kind. Each was aroused and driven mad by the other. One who desperately wanted to play with death, the other curious to see if the woman could take it. As Eve mounted Celeste, kissing her, a cruel thought began to form in her mind, of Celeste trying to back out, use a safe word, only for Eve to cut her short with a barrage of bullets.

Soon the two tore at each other, ripping each other out of their clothes as Celeste led Eve upstairs to the bedroom. There, Celeste took the lead, showing dominance over Eve in what would be the last fuck of her life. She explored all of Eve’s holes with her tongue, and the two women drove each other to multiple orgasms.

As the two collapsed into each other’s arms, Eve sighed. Celeste was a great fuck, and she almost... almost would not have minded not killing her. After a few minutes, Celeste pushed off of Eve and kissed her. “Get ready... light up a smoke, and get it good and hot for me. I want you to sizzle my clit with it.” Eve grinned sadistically; she’d always wanted to do that but never had a fag handy usually when she was mid assassination. Celeste walked out of the room, while

Eve walked out onto the balcony. The night air was cool and crisp as she lit her cigarette and took a drag. Part of her was concerned, turning a back on someone bringing a silenced pistol to her. It was a great way to get shot in the back; somehow that only made it more erotic for her.

After a few minutes, Eve heard Celeste return, “Here it is, I hope this works. I think I put the silencer on right.” She said. Eve turned, exhaling after a drag on her cigarette. She took the loaded pistol out of Celeste’s hands, who then plucked the cigarette out of Eve’s and sat on the bed. Eve checked that the silencer was locked on tight, and that the weapon was indeed loaded.

“How many rounds?” she asked.

“Twelve,” Celeste said. “More than enough to do the job, I think. I doubt you need all of them but I didn’t want to limit our playtime. Also, when you’re done... when, I’m done, you can keep the pistol. Consider it a present from an adoring fan.” She grinned and smiled, taking a quick puff of the cigarette. Eve smirked at that, money, sex, death, and a free pistol. The night just got better and better.

Celeste kissed Eve a final time, and then sat down on the bed. She took another long drag of the cigarette as Eve let the slide of the pistol slam forward, and she savored the taste of the tobacco as Eve reached for the cigarette. Celeste exhaled, and pointed to her navel. “Here. Shoot me here,” she said.

Eve leveled the pistol and smirked. “Ready?” She cooed, intending to fire no matter what the other person said.

“Yes, shoot me!” Celeste barked in an excited order. Eve didn’t draw it out. \*Pfft!\* The muffled report followed by the thud of the impact and the moaning, orgasmic scream of Celeste.

She crossed her legs and tried not to climax on the spot. “Eat me out, now!” she ordered. Eve did as she was told, sinking to her knees and pushing Celeste’s thighs apart, searching every fold of her womanhood with her tongue as Celeste probed her newfound bullet wound. She toyed with it, wincing in pain and moaning in pleasure, completely unphased as to the damage the gunshot had actually done.

Eve laughed, though not her normal sadistic laugh as she pointed the weapon directly at Celeste’s pussy. She took a long, hard drag of the cigarette, letting the tobacco glow as hot as it could; and then without warning exhaled as she rubbed the cigarette out on Celeste’s throbbing clit. The woman screamed in pleasure as pain flooded her most sensitive organ and she climaxed on the spot, squirting hard as she moaned. Eve cackled, flicking the now unlit cigarette away onto the floor, and began to probe the folds of Celeste’s wet pussy with the silencer of the pistol.

“Don’t kill me,” Celeste said, though more as an order than a plea. “Shoot me in the pussy, but I don’t want to die yet. I want... need to feel more.” Eve slid the silencer in, and Celeste moaned as she stretched around the steel cylinder. Eve slowly, almost gently, fucked her with the silencer, while thinking. She loved shooting birds in the cunt, but never to only wound them. That would be a challenge, she thought. She wiggled and moved, and finally was able to position the silencer in such a way that the round would blow out of Celeste’s body, and miss many of the internal organs.

“It takes half the fun out,” Eve said as Celeste leaned up watching in anticipation. She played with her breasts, squeezing her nipples, her body shaking as she waited for the shot. “But needs must...” Eve did not finish, and pulled the trigger. Flame from the small muzzle flash seared the opening of her love canal, and she screamed in a pain she had not contemplated as her most sensitive flesh singed and the 9mm round punched through it and out her pelvis.

“Oh fuuuck!” Celeste screamed, her body quivering as she laid back on the bed. She watched as Eve slid the silencer out and stood up. “It hurt so fucking good,” she said, her body heaving as her eyes were blinded with pain. “More! More! Help me up, please.” She said, and Eve did. She got onto her knees, and played with her nipples. “I... I want... I want you to shoot my nipples out. And my breast! Shoot me once in the breast, make it go through both of them.” She said, cupping herself.

Then she smirked, and grabbed hold of her hoop nipple rings. She playfully tugged at them, moaning as her body throbbed, and then took a deep breath. With a fierce yank she pulled hard, and soon the flesh gave way as she tore out her right nipple ring. She winced hard in pain as Eve watched, legitimately impressed and turned on, and then similarly tore out her other nipple ring.

“Now!” Celeste ordered, panting from the pain. “Shoot me in both breasts, but...” she bit her lip. “Don’t tell me when you’re going to do it... take me by surprise.”

Eve let out a moan, now this was more like it. She pressed the silencer into her left breast, pushing it around and playing with it as she pressed it into the flesh of her large fake tits. She put her left hand on Celeste’s shoulder, and cooed as she had done numerous times. “Are you sure you want this? More bullets, more damage, at some point you won’t be able to take it any more...” She toyed with her as she often did prey, lovingly squeezing Celeste’s shoulder as she stood behind the woman. She wrapped her hand around the woman’s neck, turning her to kiss her, all while fondling the woman’s breast with the silencer. Celeste moaned, the usually dominant woman giving in to Eve’s controlling grip. Eve dragged the moment on, her tongue dueling with Celeste’s as the woman began to whimper.

Eve stretched the moment out until Celeste whimpered again, and just as she thought the

woman was going to say, 'please,' she fired. Celeste screamed into Eve's mouth as the bullet tore through her right breast, blowing out and continuing on to her left breast before finally again leaving her body. The woman shuddered and nearly collapsed, Eve's grip on her neck keeping the woman upright as she steadied herself. She moaned loud as the world blurred. The pain being overwhelming.

When Eve was confident the woman would not collapse just yet, she let her grip go and, as commanded, walked in front of the woman, her finger itching at the trigger. Eve was not, by definition, a patient woman, and so drawing out each shot took almost a sheer amount of willpower on her end. As Celeste cupped her breasts, feeling them, and prepared herself, Eve smirked. "Ok... each nipple... start with this one," she commanded, flopping her right breast up and down.

Eve levied the pistol, blew her a kiss, and fired. The round punched through and blew out her back, and Celeste moaned in pleasure. The main was blinding and she coughed. This one, she suddenly had the thought, might have actually hit something vital. She never ordered with the second one, her hand falling away just as Eve squeezed the trigger again. Eve moaned now, excited about killing this woman, and again having to restrain herself from moving too quickly.

Celeste moaned in erotic pleasure as her nerves wracked her with pain as the 9mm round tore through her left nipple and blew out her back. Everything hurt, her chest throbbed in pain, and she felt herself weak as she collapsed to the bed. "Oh shit," she thought, "have I gone too far? Do I really want to die? Will she really kill me?" The thoughts flashed through her mind as pain flooded through her. Only Eve's moaning and grabbing of her arm shook her out of it.



As Eve rolled the woman onto her back, she cooed. “We’ve had your fun...” she said, walking towards Celeste’s crotch, tracing the silencer across Celeste’s frame, “now we’re going to have mine.” Celeste tried to pull herself up to see as she had done before, but her body no longer wanted to respond. The pain was orgasmic, but she felt woozy from the blood loss and the amount of internal damage from being shot five times. She wanted, no, NEEDED to know what Eve was going to do next. Drive her over the edge, maybe. Part of her though wanted to use a safe word. Then she remembered she never chose one. If she was planning on doing so now, she never got the chance; three rapid shots into her mons snapped Celeste out of her thoughts; it happening so suddenly and unexpectedly she screamed – this time more in pain than pleasure. Eve cackled some. Each shot had been requested slowly, deliberately. Celeste had wanted to savor the pain for as long as possible, but this time Eve fired in rapid succession. “That’s got your attention, hasn’t it?”

Celeste lay back on the bed, now unable to bend to see what was happening. “I... I can’t really move,” she said, whimpering not in fear but almost disappointment. She wanted to see what Eve was doing. She never specified how Eve would kill her, and wanted to know. She felt Eve’s fingers at her pussy, gently spreading her open and then she felt a searing, burning pain as Eve forcefully rammed the silencer up inside her. The last time Eve had toyed with it at the opening, this time she buried it deep. Celeste was shocked – not at the rough treatment, but that Eve had found another, final way to inflict pain on her. The three rapid shots had made the silencer hot, and it seared the inside of her love canal in blinding pain, made worse as Eve began to fuck her with the silenced pistol. It had heard when she fired into her pussy the first time, but now burying the silencer deep in her twat it felt like her insides were on fire.

The wave of pleasure overcame Celeste, and fearing she might bleed out or die quickly she tried to pleasure herself, but could not. Her left arm no longer wanted to move down enough to get to her clit, and with her right she tried to play with her nipple only to realize it was no longer there. “Don’t worry dear,” Eve said in a hungry, sultry voice, a phrase she had said... who knows how many times by now. “I’ll sort you. One final orgasm to go out on.” With that, Eve fucked her roughly with the silencer as her thumb played with Celeste’s burned clit. She jammed it in, moaning as she fucked the hapless woman. Eve felt herself getting wet, desperately needing, wanting to pull the trigger. True to form she would wait until the woman climaxed, but Eve had seldom felt a desire this powerful before.

The pain was enormous, and Celeste’s body shuddered and spasmed as she climaxed. As she came, Eve pushed the silencer in deep until she felt it ram into Celeste’s cervix, a final injury inflicted on the dying woman. “Thank...” was all Celeste was able to moan before Eve pulled the trigger, the muffled gunshot reverberating through Celeste’s body as the round smashed into her uterus and tore into her, mortally wounding her. Celeste screamed this time, an agonizing scream Eve had heard numerous times, the type that made her weak in the knees and wet as a waterfall. As Celeste’s body wracked itself in pain and pleasure, Eve fired a second time – the damage proving too much and with her internal organs shredded, killing the masochist. That alone brought Eve to moan heavily herself, but Eve was not yet done. The first shot had been for pain, the second shot had been to kill, the third shot into Celeste’s love canal was purely for Eve’s pleasure. Celeste’s hands fell onto the bed and the woman’s head turned to the side, her final death stare one of bliss and perhaps surprise – surprise that she had, indeed, gone ‘all the way.’

Eve withdrew the silencer and stood over her dead victim. She was intrigued by her; she had killed numerous people, many after sexual torture but Celeste was different. She WANTED it. Eve was so aroused she immediately laid beside Celeste, and had to play with herself right then and there. The long, drawn-out nature, the multiple shots... Celeste might not have been restrained or begging but the intimacy drove Eve over the edge. And as she rolled onto her side, staring into the eyes of the dead masochist, remembering kissing her as she fired into her breasts, she found herself pondering about it. How one could want to die. How they could want to be killed.

Eve did not want to die, of course, but she knew in her line of work it would probably happen sooner or later. And she had her fantasies of it that now all bubbled to the surface. She reached over and grabbed the silenced pistol, wiping the silencer off on the blanket before looking at it for a moment, knowing it was loaded. She thought of her own fantasies if she were to be killed. She always was restrained in her fantasies, captured and tortured. Some great mission where she saved king and country, but then would be captured, tortured and... executed. That's what she wanted, if it came to it, not killed or failing but captured after being the heroine, then restrained, fucked, and executed. She raised up, resting against Celeste's body as if she were a large body pillow, and brought the weapon up to her face. Before she knew it she slid the silencer into her mouth, moaning as she began to fuck herself with it. She gagged herself with the silencer, moaning into it as she imagined a beautiful woman in a leather trench coat dressed like some Cold War Soviet commissar face fucking her with a silenced pistol before pulling the trigger and splattering her brains all over a wall.

Her other hand found its way to Celeste's pussy, trying to pleasure the dead woman as well, perhaps even imagining the roles had been reversed. Even with the gun in Eve's hand

Celeste had been dominant and assertive, and she moaned imagining Celeste being the one to kill her. Eve then looked over at the ruined woman and wondered about her other fantasy. She withdrew the now well lubed silenced pistol from her mouth and slid it into her own pussy, and began to fuck herself with it. Faster and faster, imagining being shot and wounded, the captured and handcuffed. She pulled against the handcuffs, dressed only in a tank top that did not even cover her breasts and leather fingerless gloves. She imagined Celeste as her executioner, dressed in black leather pants and matching top – it was a fantasy after all, lovingly massaging her breast as she fucked her with the silencer, softly whispering that she was overjoyed that she would be the one to kill Eve. That Eve had been such a well-known assassin it was almost an honor to be the one to end her life, and that she wanted to make this as pleasurable as she could for her. And as Eve climaxed, both in the fantasy as well as against the Beretta now inside her womanhood, she imagined the Celeste pulling the trigger. So taken was she as she came, imagining the round tearing through her pussy and inside of her, she did not realize that by holding the pistol by the frame, her thumb had slipped into the trigger guard. Part of her wanted to know how it felt, and the rest hoped that when she finally did meet her match, she might find out.

The orgasm was powerful, and it took Eve a moment to recover from it as she panted heavily. Slowly, she pulled the gun out of her, noting that it was both still loaded and she never took the time to put it on safe and grinned. Somehow that made it only more arousing for her. She put the pistol down, rolling onto her knees and crawling up to the head of the bed. She leaned down and kissed Celeste on the lips a final time, her own body shaking from the power and excitement of the evening. “Thank you for a marvelous time. Normally I prefer my girls screaming in fear, but... you were divine.”

Eve got off the bed, wiping herself off, and checked the pistol. It had a single round left – Celeste had bought twelve rounds, and Eve had fired eleven into her. “Best not let this one go to waste.” She said, aiming at the woman’s head, ready to splatter her brains. She hesitated though, and decided instead she had one more hole to claim. She nestled one final time at Celeste’s crotch, and rammed the pistol deep into her ass. With Celeste dead there was no need for elegance. Eve smirked and moaned softly as she squeezed the trigger a final time, the bullet tearing up Celeste’s rectum and shredding whatever was left of her insides. The slide locked back, and the weapon fell silent. Eve pushed it in all the way – easier now after shooting, and grinned. “I already have a Beretta. You can keep this one.” With that, she stood up and, almost apologetically, excused herself to the loo to wipe off her latex and clean up any blood stains. Once done, she went back into the living area, pouring herself a partial glass of the wine that was left, and pocketing the free fags. She rarely smoked, only now and again or if at the pub, so she rarely had any on her – besides, not like Celeste needed them anymore. Just to savor the moment she lit a final one, before turning back to the upstairs bedroom.

She then pulled her phone out of the pocket of her dress, and as she stood over the dead woman opened the phone’s camera. She took a few snaps to masturbate to later, and then called Celeste’s friend. “Hello? Yes, it’s done. She had a marvelous time I assure you, and she got what she paid for. But send some of your people ‘round, no doubt she would not want to be found like this.” Normally Eve would not care but, someone as well connected as Celeste, it would not do for the tabloids and newspapers to be filled with evidence of her romp and proclivities. Death was tolerated, but there were norms to follow. Handlers would come, clean Celeste, and possibly fake some other way she had died to safeguard all concerned. As for Eve, though, she had been sated for the moment. Waiting for her next assignment would certainly be much easier.